HORNBYES HORN-BOOK.

Iudge not too raſhly, till through all you looke;
If nothing then doth pleaſe you, burne the Booke.

By *William Hornbye*, Gent.

London,
Printed by *Aug. Math.* for *Thomas Bayly*, and are to be
ſold at his ſhop in the middle Row neere Staple Inn. 1622.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

TO THE HO
NOVRABLE AND
HOPEFVLL YOVNG

Gentleman, Sir ROBERT
CARR, Barronet, *W. H.*
wisheth increase of all
honorable vet-
tues.

MY honest, humble, harmlesse horning-book,
From whence young Schollers their first lea
To you I dedicate (true generous spirit) (ning to
Your early towardnesse, and vertues merit
A farre more worthy worke, then here I can
Set out, that ne're was Accademian:
Yet in my homely verse (perhaps) you'l find
Something, a little which may please your mind.
My booke's but Harden to some Holland wit,
And so with home-spun plainest best doth sit;

The Epiſtle

For in a plaine and honeſt ſimple ſtile,
There lurkes no traft, no ſubtiltie, nor guile,
Here is no vaine, nor yet prophane diſcourſe,
To make you by the reading be the worſe;
I would not ſtaine your thoughts with ſuch a booke,
Nor haue your chaſte eyes on ſuch follies looke.
This in a manner doth but plainely ſhow
How Schollers doe begin, and how they grow
To Learning *by their induſtrie and paine,*
That rich ineſtimable Iem to gaine.
The Horn-book *is at firſt Arts Nurce, frõ whence*
We ſuck the milke of our intelligence)
We muſt be perfect in our letters all,
Ere we to ſpelling, and to reading fall.
By this Originall, we win (indeed)
The Muſes *glory, if we ſo proceede:*
And as this booke (ſweet Sir) but young appeares
So tis reſpondent vnto youthfull yeares,
Fit for your young dayes and minoritie,
Vntill you come to ſenioritie.
Into my mind this cogitation came,
Vnto your ſelfe to dedicate the ſame,

Preſuming

Dedicatorie.

Presuming of your fauour, and your loue,
That what I write your vertues will approue
Vpon your face, although your yeares be greene,
The portrature of modestie is seene.
Though in the Teenes you scarce haue enterd yet,
You haue a manly Carriage, pregnant Wit.
God be your good guide, and your happy speede
Euen as you haue begun, so to proceede
In honourable vertues worthy Car,
To make your name shine like the Morning-Star.
Thus Honourable Sir, I take my leaue,
In hope you kindly will (this mite) receiue.

Yours in all humble seruice,

W. H.

TO THE VVOR-SHIPFVLL YOVNG GEN-TLEMAN, THOMAS GRANTHAM, Eſquire, Sonne and Heire to Sir THOMAS GRANTHAM, Knight; *W.H. wiſheth all Health and Happineſſe.*

BEtwixt two Roſes, I a Lilly place,
Three flowers moſt ſweet, and louely flouriſhing
All hopefull, by Gods bleſsing and his grace,
In *Vertues Garden* ſweetly vp to ſpring;
A true and worthy Gardiner they haue
From choaking weedes, them to preſerue and ſaue.

God was aſsiſtant to ſo wiſe Elector,
When firſt he choſe ſo ſure a friend indeed
To be his childrens Gardian and Protector,
Who with an honourable care, and heed,
Kindly reſpects his deare poſteritie,
Which ſure ſhall lift his honour to the skie.

An Epiſtle.

To you ſole Sonne vnto this worthy Knight,
I likewiſe dedicate my ſimple *Muſe*,
Conioyning you together, as tis right,
Becauſe a Simpathie in loue you vſe:
As you are Fellowes both at Schoole and play,
(I hope) I blameleſſe ioyne you partners may.

And thus relying on your kind affection,
That courteouſly you will this booke receiue,
I boldly ſhroud it vnder your protection:
And here in briefe I humbly take my leaue,
Wiſhing your vertues to grow more and more
In multitudes, like Sand vpon the ſhore.

Yours moſt officious and obſe-
quius in what he can,

W. H.

To the Worſhipfull and vertu-ous young Gentleman, Mr. *Rocheſter Carre*: *W.H.* wiſheth increaſe of all *ſpirituall and temporall bleſſings.*

RIght (generous Sir) I kindly you intreate
To be Copartner, for to patronize
This little Orphant of my braines conceite,
Which to you alſo in all humble wiſe
I dedicate; my *Muſe* ſhall ſtill ingage her
As well vnto the *Minor* as the *Maior*.

And thus my loue in equall ballance peaſde
I equallize your worths with equall thought,
My onely wiſhes are, you would be pleaſde,
Kindly to take what my poore wit hath wrought,
Your kind acceptance is my chiefeſt gaines,
I wiſh no greater gurdeon for my paines.

At your ſeruice to be commanded,

W. H.

TO THE READER.

MY Braine now (gentle Reader) 's brought to bed
Of that a while she painefull laboured:
Vpon a carefull Mid-wines part hath plaid
To see her of her Orphant safely layd,
Trap'd vp in raggs of meane intelligence,
Without the Robes of learned eloquence:
And though she be, shees not abortiue borne,
Though Retorique her shape did neere adorne:
Nor is she of a base and bastard straine,
Her Parentage is honest, simple, plaine,
All of her Father, true Inuentions getting,
As tis most honest, requisite and fitting.
She is no filtch-line of anothers wit,
Such Theft she hateth and abhorreth it,
And she dare looke euen with a modest grace,
Her better Muse with boldnesse in the face.
A Cottyers child may be as truly get,
As is a Courtyers euery way, why not?
As faire and louely too in shape and face,
And euen as well adorn'd with inward grace,

And

To the Reader.

And proue as faithfull, iuſt, and plaine a man,
For he neere temporiſe, nor flutter can;
He doth not know the art of Adulation,
He neuer is acquainted with ſuch faſhion,
The difference of theſe two in this appeares,
Th'one Robes of ſilke, th'other raggs doth weare:
Euen ſo although (this homely brat of mine)
Doth want rich robes of Art to make it ſhine
Through out all places, where it haplie goes,
Yet meere ſimplicitie, and truth it ſhowes.
The two collauded, and applauded ſprigs,
Where all the Muſes *moſt delitious ſings,*
Within their armes did neuer me infold,
Nor did my eyes their glory yet behold;
Such bliſſe to me (alas) did ne're belong,
I had the greater iniurie and wrong.
Then (gentle Reader) if that title faire,
With thy good nature I may right compare:
Pardon my Muſe, which for no ill intent,
Into the world I homely here haue ſent.
Here is no enuy that at all doth lurke
In this my harmeleſſe Muſes little worke:
And if that any diſcontent doth grow,
Tis not my fault, but theirs which take it ſo.
Thoſe people then whoſe conſciences are cleare
From all ſuch things as I haue written here,

Accep

To the Reader.

Accept my minds true meaning and good will,
More then my Retorique, my Art and skill;
If some cannot commend it, nor defend it,
Then in their wisdomes let them kindly mend it:
If neither; cease then a malignant tongue,
And doe a harmlesse honest Muse no wrong.

Yours, as you like him,

Cornu-apes.

HORNBYES HORNBOOK

THe *Horn-booke* of all books I doe commend,
For the worlds knowledge, it doth coprehend.
There is no book vndet heauens copious cope,
Of mightie volume, large and full of scope,
Composde of the pure quintiſſence of wit,
But ſure the *Horn-booke* full containeth it.
What euer can be written, read, or ſaid,
Are firſt of letters fram'd, compoſde, and made;
Each word, and ſentence are in order ſet,
Deriued from the Engliſh *Alphabet*:
Of all chiefe learning, litrature and Art,
The *Horn-booke* is the ground, which doth impart
A world of Science; and great Art and skill
Comes from the *Horn-booke* be it good, or ill;
And I haue reaſon to colland the ſame,
Becauſe tis ſounding ſomewhat neere my name.
The *Retoritian*, and the great *Logition*;
Th' *Arethmatition*, and the black *Magition*;

The

The learn'd *Phisitian*, and the quaint *Musitian*;
The grounded *Grecian*, and the sound *Hebritian*,
Which mount *Parnassus* * Hill; and not to seeke
In *English*, *Latin*, *Hebrew*, and in *Greeke*,
And all that deeply politick are found, (ground
Had first their knowledge from the *Horn-booke*
Great learned Preachers of Diuinitie,
Which with the heauens haue neare affinitie;
Profound sound Doctors of the *Morrall* Law,
First from the *Horn-booke* did their reason draw.
And from *Christs* Cradle, to his bloody Crosse,
In *Christ-crosse-row* is Character'd each losse,
And great affliction that to man doth fall;
Being taught by *Patience* how to beare withall.
There's an old saying to be vnderstood,
And yet (in deed) is not so old, as good:
In my beginning God be my good speed,
In grace and vertue that I may proceed.
So *vertue* is the *Alpha* of Gods *grace*,
How we should run th'*Omega* of our race.
And what is *Patience* but a *vertue* pure,
Which to the end all Crosses doth endure:
He that hath *Patience*, is a perfect man,
And well is skild the *Christ-crosse-row* to skan:
Patience is euen the ground, fro whence proceeds
All goods conceits, and charitable deeds.

* Vniuersity.

And

Horn-booke.

And *charitie* is euen the firme foundation,
On which a man doth found his soules saluation:
Then to conclude, these *vertues* first doe flow
From the *Originall*, the *Christ-crosse-row*.
The little Infant that receiues his birth,
To passe his *pilgrimage* vpon the earth,
Takes first a respite, and a time to grow,
Before he comes vnto the *Christ-crosse-row*;
And at his *Baptisme*, euen from the *Font*,
Receiues the Crosse of *Christ* vpon his front,
In signe that he should neuer shame, nor feare,
The Crosse of *Christ* and *Christian* life to beare.
For three or fower yeares space, like to a lamb,
He spends his time in sporting, and in gam:
His wanton courage somewhat then to Coole,
His Parents puts him to a petty Schoole.
Then after that, he takes a pritty pride,
To weare the *Horn-booke* dangling by his side:
And was it not well arm'd with plate and horne,
T'was in great danger to be rent and torne:
For in his sport, sometimes he falleth out
With his Schoole-fellow, so they haue a bout
At Buff, and counter-buff; the *Horn-bookes* then
Are all the weapons for these stout tall men;
As tis agreeing with their childish yeares,
They briefely fall together by the eares

For a ſmall cauſe, their quarrell doth begin,
Euen for a Point, a Counter, or a Pin,
And as a trifle ſmall their friendſhip brake;
Euen ſo a toy, them friends againe doe make:
For they (good Lads) in mallice cannot ſleepe,
Within their breſts they anger neuer keepe;
So to their ſports they freſh againe doe fall,
As if they had not fallen out at all:
For he to learne yet, cannot well betake him,
But finding toyes, & ſports, ſits down to take him
With Top, and Top-ſtick, and his Eldern-guns,
And neuer thinks of time, how faſt it runs;
And thus with ſuch like takings, childiſh play,
He many times doth paſſe the time away,
Vntill his Tutor with an awfull hand,
Not ſternely tho but with a mild command,
Makes him affect his booke, not with a twig,
But with a Nut, an Almond, or a Fig.
And hauing ſo the childs affection won
(He ſaith) ſweet Lad come, and thy *Horn-booke* con.
And ſo the *A. B. C.* he firſt is taught;
From that to ſpelling he is after brought;
And being right inſtructed for to ſpell,
He learn's his *Sillables* and *Vowels* well.
Then with due teaching he doth well conſider
By's Maſters rule how he may put together.

be good ature nd diſ- oſition f Chil- dren.

The

The *Horn-booke* hauing at his fingers end,
Vnto the *Primer* he doth next aſcend;
When his capacitie againe doth alter
From that, he goes into the holy *Pſalter*;
Then next to that, into the Booke of Bookes
The ſacred *Bible* modeſtly he lookes;
As in a glaſſe, where he may plainely ſee
Both what he is, and what he ought to bee.
How that he was conceiu'd and borne in ſin,
Since his firſt breath to draw, he did begin:
There he may ſee that he's a mortall man,
Subiect to ſin, and hard reſiſt it can;
There is a ſouereigne ſalue moſt gratious ſent,
To heale ſick ſoules which truly doe repent;
There he may ſee, that ſin originall
Came firſt from *Eue* and *Adam* by their fall;
Before the *Maſculine* I here prefer
The *Feminine*, becauſe ſhe firſt diderr:
The woman with inticements did begin
To draw old Father *Adam* vnto ſin;
And ſince her firſt diſeaſe, it ſtill infects
Vnto this day a number of her ſects.
There he may ſee by the firſt *Adams* fall,
A ſecond *Adam* did redeeme vs all
With his moſt deareſt blood, ſhed on the Croſſe,
The greateſt gratious bleſsing that ere was.

And as the Prouerbe old doth teach vs, so
We first must creepe, before we well can goe:
So from the *Horn-booke* we must first incline,
Before we can attaine to things diuine.
Diuine or humaine, or in what degree
Of Art and knowledge, what so e're it be;
And as the *Bible* is the well of preaching,
Euen so the *Horn-booke* is the ground of teaching.
Yet I'le not hold my argument so strong,
To doe the *Accidence* one iot of wrong.
A second worthy ground there is in truth
Of learning, apter for more able Youth;
But yet he cannot vnto this attaine,
Before the *Horn booke* doth direct him plaine;
By skill, good will, and times experience,
He enters straight into the *Accedence*;
There's the true ground *Grammars* ground vpon,
To clime vnto the Hill of * *Hellicon*: (pences,
To that, they're brought with charge & large ex-
To know their *Moods*, their *Cases*, & their *Tenses*:
By that th'ar learnid to scan and proue a *Verse*,
And also how to Construe, and to Perse;
Then with the *Latin Abcee* they begin,
And so from step to step, more skill doe win;
Terence next is vsde in Schollers making,
In which Youth gather profit by paines taking.

* Vniuersity.

Horn-booke.

By viewing *Caco*, there they may rehearse
For good examples, many a golden verse;
Ouids lasciuious booke, in's Art to loue,
Is good to reade, but not so good to proue.
Tully for eloquence doth beare the bell,
For a sweet stile, he doth the rest excell.
Conderus Dyalogues doth true relate
Good presidents for youth to immitate.
Terence a worthy booke, and ready meanes
T'imboulden boyes, by acting of his *Sceanes*.
In *Ouids Metamorphosis* is had
Diuers examples, that are good and bad:
There *Phaeton* through pride did get a fall,
A goodly president for pride to all;
For he beyond his skill, needs would assay,
That which turn'd quickly to his owne decay.
Acteon for his longing, and his lust
After chast *Dyna*, was transformed iust.
Narcissus that proud selfe-conceited Elfe,
Louing his shadow, fondly lost himselfe.
There may they find *Diana's* dignitie,
For simple pureneſſe, and pure chasterie:
With diuers more examples I could write,
But time will not permit me to recite.
Virgell, a booke that doth exceed the rest;
And *Horace*, equallized with the best.

By theſe good meanes, and Gods aſsiſting grace
They run the happy *Helliconian* race:
If God preſerue their labours, and their health,
They proue good members in a Common-wealth.
Similie. As Muſterd-ſeed of all the ſeeds that be,
Is the leaſt graine: but yet by proofe we ſee,
The flittering foules of heauen may liue & breed
In thoſe large branches that from it doe ſpread;
And though it be (indeed) a graine but ſmall,
Yet doth it beare a ſound round price withall.
Euen ſo the *Horn-booke* is the ſeede and graine
Of skill, by which we learning firſt obtaine:
And though it be accompted ſmall of many,
And haply bought for two pence, or a penny,
Yet will the teaching ſomewhat coſtly be,
Ere they attaine vnto the full degree
Of Schollerſhip and Art: for as a word,
Similie. It firſt doth hatch the * *Helliconian* bird,
Schollers. *Learning*; a pretious Iem I doe account,
Which doth all treaſure in the world ſurmount;
It is a bleſsing, if it well be vſde,
But to a curſe it turns, if ill abuſde:
Learning's a Ladder, grounded vpon faith,
By which we clime to heauen (the Scripture ſaith.
And tis a meanes to hurrie men to hell,
If grace be wanting for to vſe it well:

Horn-booke.

So the *Horn-booke* without Gods grace-guiding ſtill
May be an introduction vnto ill;
To euery one God doth a Talent giue,
To trie how they can proſper, thriue and liue.
That profitable ſeruant that hath fower,
If frugall, ſhall haue thrice as many more;
He that hath three, his labour ſhall not ceaſe;
For to inrich him with a great increaſe.
He that hath two, with diligence and paine,
Shall be requited with a double gaine;
And that ſame ſloathfull ſluggard that hath one,
If fruitleſſe buried, ſhall be ſure of none.
And now my *Horn-booke* I may rightly apply
Both to the *Clergie*, and the *Laetie*,
How many *Paſtors* are there, that ſhould feede
Their flocke (alas) yet ſtarue them in their need
Which doe that worthy function much neglect
For worldly cauſes, or ſome by-reſpect,
Who the regardles hirelings part doe play
That care not how their ſheepe doe goe aſtray,
But leaue them all at random, here and there,
For greedy Wolues to ſpoyle, deuower, & teare;
Theſe ill deſerue (I ſay) in ſuch a caſe,
Their liuings, learning, and ſo worthy place:
Theſe are blind guids, blind in their inward ſight,
Which grope at Noone-tide, with a Candle light.

Laetie and vnprofitable ſloathfull beards.

(Me

(Me thinks) neglect of this their ſacred function
Should ſtrike with horror, a moſt ſharp cõpunctiõ
Into their Marble hearts: for there's a woe
Pronounc'd gainſt thoſe, which ſlip their duty ſo;
Who more reſpect the world, and worldly pelfe,
Then for to profit others, or himſelfe
In ſoules ſaluation; ſuch deſire to gaine
The riches of this world, which are but vaine:
Like *Iſops* Cock, which of more worth did deeme
A Barly-corne, then Iem of great eſteeme.
Theſe kind of ſcatter-graces might are found
Like him that hid his Talent in the ground:
For ſuch as theſe I mourne, & make great mone,
They better neuer had the *Horn-booke* knowne.
Yet many a *Citie*, many a *Towne* is bleſt
Here in our Land, with *Paſtors* of the beſt,
Who take moſt earneſt paines, and honeſt heed,
Not for to fleece their flocks, but them to feede,
And with a ſpeciall care, and conſcience cauſe,
Reforme the wicked to religious lawes:
So they which ſit in *Ignorance* black night,
They doe inlighten with their ſplendent light.
Theſe are true *Shepheards*, euen to *Chriſts* deſire,
And hee'l reward them with a *Heauenly* hire:
Bleſſed are they, that euer they did know
The *Horn-booke*, and the happy *Chriſt-croſſe-row*.

Prouident and carefull Paſtors.

The

Horn-booke.

The great graue worthy Iudges of the Land, *Iust Iudges.*
That doe with care and conscience vnderstand
The poore mens causes, be they right or wrong,
To giue the right, where right doth true belong,
(I hope) will with my *Horn-booke* free dispence,
Knowing that knowledge is deriu'd from thence.
Before we learne, we learne to know each letter,
Or else to learne to reade, is nere the better.

And to all gentle Iustices of Peace, *Vpright Iustices.*
Who doe their Talents (in their charge) increase,
In doing Iustice with a single eie,
Without respect of men, or briberie,
My *Horn-booke* very humbly I commend,
Hoping that learning they will still defend.

To all Schoole-founders, that haue euer been *Schoole-founders.*
Most beneficiall vnto Schollers seene,
By Schooles erecting, and protecting those
Vnder their fauours, which in learning growes
To full maturitie; these doe support
Poore Schollers in a charitable sort,
These happy Stewards haue their Talents spent
Pleasing to God, and for a good intent:
To these my *Horn-booke* likewise I commend,
Knowing the *Muses* they doe best befriend.

The busie *Lawyers*, and the briefe *Attorneys*, *Lawyers and Attornies.*
Which euery *Term-time* take most tedious iornies

To toyle, and moyle, to ride through thick & thin,
And all to bring their fees more roundly in;
Whose onely labours to this purpose tends,
They would haue all men rather foes then friends,
Because by controuersie they doe gaine,
And concord makes the beggers, they complaine,
These from the *Horne-booke* first did draw their skill,
Good cause haue they to beare it great good will.
A Constable's a iudicious man,
If he performe his Office wisely can:
But if vnlearnedly he doe amisse,
(Ales) the *Horn-booke* was no friend of his.
The learned *Poet*, that in *Poetrie*
Doth mount aloft vnto the loftie skie
In high conceits, through diuine inspiration
Who for his Art, is held in admiration;
That which I write, will grant for to be true,
And giue vnto the *Horn-booke* praise due.
The Thrid-bare *Poet*, or the Ballad-maker,
That of lasciuious Rimes, is full partaker,
And baudy songs writes with his vnchast pen,
Which stinke i'th nostrils of vertuous men:
These shew the very dreggs, and froth of wit,
Which haue vnprofitable, and vnfit;
These did at first the *Horn-booke* learne in waste,
Whose wits ill spent, giue euen as ill a taste.

Horn-booke.

And the *Pot-Poet* I muſt not forget, *The Pot Poet.*
Which with good liquor doth accute his wit;
And when tis got a little into's Crowne,
He makes his Pen to gallup vp and downe;
Writing a ſong like vnto *Smug* and's Daughter,
Or ſome ſuch od conceite, procuring laughter.
Theſe make braue ſongs, and for their greater gra-
Sing them in priuat, & in publike places. (ces,
To theſe (I ſay) as Drinke doth them imbolden,
So to the *Horn-booke* they were firſt beholden.

The Free-Schoole-Maſters, which paines doe *The Free Schoole Maſters.*
Good Schollers fit for *Cambridge* to mak, (take,
Were Infants firſt themſelues, and little Boyes,
Which did delight in trifles, and in toyes,
And at the *Horn-booke* likewiſe did begin,
Before they doe ſuch good preferment win
(Where youth is brought to reuerence and grace,
I hold a very venerable place.)
But yet ſome bad and baſely doe abuſe it,
Becauſe they want diſcretion how to vſe it,
Knowing no meane, nor mediocritie
In their correction, but extremitie.
As for example, I will here be bold
To tell a tale, the like was neuer told;
In the braue Hiſtorie of valliant *Guy*,
You ſhall not reade the like for veritie:

Nor

Nor in the Mirror of Knight-hood can be found
The like; for there huge lies doe loudly sound:
This is plaine truth, I pray you note it well,
It is no fained fable that I tell.

A Tale.

I Still remember, when I was a Lad,
Long after I the *Horn-booke* learned had;
I passed ouer euery petty booke,
In which young Schollers first doe vse to looke;
When as through care and cost, I then began
To be a pretty good *Gramarian*.
Vnto the Free-schoole I was forthwith sent
By my good Parents, with a good intent,
(That learning still my mind might more adorne;
A sweet light burden, that is easie borne.)
Now I begin to tell a tale of sorrow
Euen of my taile: I went to *Peterborrow*
To reape more learning, then before I had;
But yet I proued more backward, and more bad,
By reason that my Masters strict correction,
Turn'd quite from him my loue, and my affection,
That vnto learning then I had no mind,
To which before I greatly was inclind.

Before

Horn-booke.

Before a *Chriſtmaſſe* time, we did conſpire
Againſt our Maſter, for to haue deſire
Of libertie, for double paines we tooke
All the yeare long by toyling at our booke,
VVith many a wofull ſmarting laſh beſide,
VVhich our poore buttocks patient did abide.
So with a generall and free conſent,
VVe ſhut him forth of dores incontinent;
For this did ſtrongly for our reaſon ſtand,
It was a common cuſtome through the land,
And ſince that others did attempt the ſame,
If we ſhould not doe ſo, it was a ſhame.
This we reſolu'd, and this we did performe,
VVhich made him for to ſtare, to ſtamp, & ſtorme;
But yet we car'd not for his threatning words,
VVe ſtoutly ſtood with Piſtals, Pikes, & Swords,
Euen like a little Armie in the field.
He could not daunt our harts, nor make vs yeeld;
Though we were boyes, yet we by this excluſion,
Shew'd in each one a manly reſolution.
Fower nights together we were priſoners kept,
The boards our beds, on which we nightly ſlept,
And for our victuals, they were neuer ſcant,
For we found friends that did relieue our want:
Yet were abundance faint and Capon-hearted,
That from their buſineſſe very baſely ſtarted.

Schollers deſire libertie to play, but the euent vvas coſtly.

Manly hearts in Boyes breaſts.

Of

Of sixtie proper Schollers that were found,
But sixe of sixtie that would stand their ground
Hearing great threats, the rest durst neuer stay,
But like right Cowards ran with speed away.
Had these been Marciall men, then Marciall law
Would sure haue held them all in better awe,
They durst not then haue run'd away at all,
For feare of hanging, that might after fall.
Thus were we six euen left vnto our selues,
By reason of those base white-liuerd Elues:
The residue like fooles, and shallow-witted,
Went to their Master, and themselues submitted
Because (indeed) their bumbs began to itch,
They all went crouching for to saue their britch
Thus they esteemed more their nether part,
The foule disgrace, which woundeth soon to th'hart
Some carried tokens, bribes, and petty gifts,
To saue their tayles from heating by such shifts.
But all this while we very stout did stand
Vnto the exploit that we tooke in hand;
Nor to our Master would we yeeld a iot,
Till a false pardon fondly we had got:
For he like to a false pernitious Wretch,
Did violate his word, and conscience stretch;
He vow'd vnto the Bishop and the Deane,
For that offence he would remit vs cleane:

But

But afterwards (alas) too true we tryd,
That he like a perfidious villane lyd:
We one by one were brought a little space
Vnto the wofull execution place.
Vnto the *Bishop* Bach-house we were led,
Where they doe vse to make, and bake his bread.
Ouer that house there certaine Chambers were,
Where we were brought thē, with no little feare,
All intricate, and winding to and fro,
As if we in a *Labyrinth* did goe.
When I came there, my heart began to faile,
To see such salt prouided for my taile:
For he prouision prinily had got,
Which made my bitch tosting, it was so hot:
There was prepared Rods a large elne long,
Of tuffe-red-willowes binded very strong;
Pepper and salt he did together blend,
Full halfe a peeke he on our tayles did spend:
Twixt euery fower yerkes, we a handfull had
On our bare bumbs, which almost made vs mad.
This Tyrant-part he playd, and neere gaue o're,
Till he had giuen vs lashes, fower times fower.
Thus he had seasond well vnto his thinking,
Our wofull tayles, to keep them all from stinking:
And sure (I think) that he did vnderstand,
He Haunches had of Venison in hand;

Scholler vvhipped, pepered, and salted at Peterborow.

For I'me perſwaded, neuer man did know,
That euer Schollers tayles were powderd ſo.
It was no boote for to reſiſt at all,
Our ſtrength (alas) and number was but ſmall,
Our fellowes did our fellowſhip forſake,
And on our Maſters ſide they all did take;
We force and helpe, and weapons all did lack,
Which made our hinder-parts to goe to wrack.
Whilſt we to ſhut him out did vndertake,
This Bach-houſe he a Schoo-houſe then did make.
And ſo ſome fifty of them there he taught,
Where we to this ſam doleful place were brought,
I would himſelfe the cruell ſmart had felt,
Which by his deuilliſh ſauage hand was delt,
Then ſhould he know, that our ſo ſmall a falting,
Neuer deſerued peppering and falting.
For my owne griefe, to me it was beſt knowne,
I felt no bodies ſorrow but my owne;
I was in ſuch a wofull caſe, I'me ſure,
That in no certaine place I could indure:
My tayle did ſmart, I euery where was ſtinging,
As if a ſwarme of Bees had there been ſtinging;
I could not ſit, nor lye, nor ſtand, nor goe,
The ſalt and pepper vildly plagu'd me ſo.
Thus haue you heard a tayle of lamentation,
Euen of our tailes great griefe, and ſore vexation;

As

As sure as I the *Horn-booke* first did know,
So surely is he named in this *Row*.
This true we found to our great smart and paine:
Now to my *Horn-booke* I returne againe.

Young men and Maydens, when they first doe wed,
And chastly enter in their nuptiall bed,
Not suffering lust their bodies to beguile,
Nor marriage rites, to spot and to defile,
According to that solemne vow they make,
That they each other never shall forsake
Till death depart, come pouertie, come wealth,
Come painefull sickness, or come perfect health:
To these a worthy praise belongs to either,
When they in Matrimony ioyne together
In a Coniunction Copplatiue most chaste,
And of their neighbors Commons make no waste.
To these the *Horn-book* proues not crosse, but when
Women doe teach it vnto married men.

The filthy Leacher, that on drabs and queanes,
Consumes his flesh, his marrow, and his meanes,
Making his body to resemble most
A sinke, then temple of the holy Ghost;
Who cannot be contented with a wife,
Nor yet liue honest by a single life.
The married man may be compar'd (indeed)
To a rich thiefe, which steales, yet stands no need,

And for so grieuous and so great abuse,
With his best cunning cannot plead excuse
To saue himselfe; Gods sacred Maiestie
Did preordaine a meanes and remedie
Gainst fornication; and to hate that vice,
He honord Marriage first in Paradice;
To this intent, he did that honour giue,
That all therein, might honorably liue,
Without infringing of those nuptiall bands,
By which vnited are both hearts and hands.
The *Bride-groome* with a Ring his *Bride* doth wed,
In signe none should participate his bed!
And as a Ring that hath no end but round,
So should no ending of their loue be found!
But they which other womens kindnes proue,
There is a breach of Wedlocks honest loue.
These doe euen *Hell* for a iust stipend earne,
And so (indeed) the *Horn-booke* backwards learne.
Both married wiues, & maidens here may look,
With modest eyes vpon my *Horne-booke*;
My *Horne-booke* honestly will their's affront,
If that they can vouchsafe to looke vpon't;
If they be chaste, it chastetie imbraceth,
It taunteth vices, and true vertue graceth:
And though the *Horn-book* be my bookes right title,
Here's no lasciuious lines yet, to beguile

The eares of them that heare, or reade the same,
Though vnto some may harshly seeme the name.
The *Horn-booke*, if it true be vnderstood,
Containeth nothing but is right and good.
Then wiues and Maidens, this is my request,
Befriend the *Horn-booke*, for it is your best.
Young hopefull Gentlemen, that doe resort
By Art and learning to the Inns of Court, (stand
Which doe through time and paines much vnder-
To grow great men, and Iudges of the land;
All these I reuerence with a due respect,
Whose labours turne vnto a good effect,
(I hope) their splendent fauours all will shine
Vpon my *Horn-booke*; though that some repine
And *Critick*-like, doe my good meaning wrest
To the worst sense, though I conceiue the best;
For (I protest) I thinke not an ill thought,
Though I doe itterate the *Horn-booke* oft;
My modest *Muse* like to a Maid would blush,
If vnaduisedly I should but rush
Into a sentence forded and vnfit,
And check my Pen, to run before my wit. *Hypocr.*

That man whose hart and tongue do not agree, *&c.*
Though pure his words, his thoughts pernitious
The glozing speeches which he doth impart, (be,
Are characters of his deceitfull heart,

His double in-side, outward doth appeare
Like to the babie, that he best might weare,
As in a sute of Linsie-woolsie-stoff,
Of lace, call'd (*Lark of herbs sticks*) for his Ruff;
His Gusse about his wrests fust of the same,
And *Anabaptist* fitteth right his name.
Religion for a cloake he putteth on
To hide his faults, when falsely he hath don,
Vnto the Church he goeth most demure,
As if he were extreame deuout and pure;
Vnder his arme, a *Bible* he doth beare,
To make his luke-warme zeale more hot appeare:
When he speaks faire, he then pretends most euill,
And Scripture falsely vseth; like the deuill,
Who in his Disputation went about
To tempt our *Sauiour*, like a Tempter stout.
From these more deuilish villany proceed,
Then from those men that sinfull seeme (indeed.)
These be not *Hel*-black Deuils, no, they are white,
Which doe through holinesse, in sinne delight;
These learn'd the *Horn-booke* to a bad intent,
Their time of learning was but vainely spent.
And now (my Muse) I will not ouercharge,
Lelse could write of Pallaters at large,
Of Sumners, Baylifes and such knauish men,
But that with them I will not foyle my pen;

Yet in their praiſes (thus much) I can tell,
Euen in a word or two, and ſo farwell.
On the worlds ſtage, they do the deuils part play,
Which vp and downe do range to ſeek their pray,
And dailie hunt for booties where to ſpeed
On poore mens purſes moſt of all they feed,
In taking fees they ſimple men abuſe
By vild extortion, which they often vſe,
For poore men they quite ſwagger & out ſweare,
Where they ſuppoſe that they can dominere;
Theſe all are Lawyers factors, for to doe
Such like imployments as they put them to.
Theſe from the *Horn-booke* honeſt meaning ſwerue,
And in their places right like knaues doe ſerue.
Now ceaſe (my *Muſe*) in quiet ſilence reſt,
For of the *Horn-booke* thou haſt ſaid thy beſt.

FINIS.